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Praxiteles and Phryne.

A thousand silent years ago,
The starlight faint and pale
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done."

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
The rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For art can grant what love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told;

"This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved:
So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

W. W. STORY.

The Singing Lesson.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon,
And wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place:
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed a dove:
"O nightingale! what's that?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't sulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl;

You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral I know,
If you'll try to find it out!

Christian Standard.

Handel's Messianic Tradition.

It is singular that the great dramatic scenes of Handel, sung by the greatest singers the world ever knew, should have passed away without tradition. History records the extraordinary impression produced night after night upon crowded audiences by the delivery of these masterpieces, and we learn that the reputation of such incomparable artists as Senesino and Farinelli, Faustina and Cuzzoni, were much enhanced by these opportunities for varied and passionate vocalization. Nothing, however, remains but the music, which, although it speaks the feelings of the human heart, and is of such vivid and marked conception as to be translatable into the language of all civilized nations, is now wanting in all record, save the paper and print that has preserved it. It is not so with Handel's Oratorio of the "Messiah." Charity has effected that which neither fashion nor art could do for his operatic compositions; and yet Handel never experienced the gratification of hearing his Messianic songs sung by the foremost vocalists of his day. And if we are to believe Horace Walpole, he made his great religious Oratorio popular by one singer, "who had only one note in her voice," and by another who "had ne'er a one." We know he felt strongly when he wrote down his strong thoughts, and we may rest assured that it was one great labor of his life to get out all his fire and dignity, his majesty and tenderness, from the mouths and hearts of his singers. For when Carestini refused to sing his short but wonderful *legato* song in the opera of "*Alcina*," conceiving it to be totally ineffective, and ridiculously simple for so consummate an artist, Handel at once settled his objections by saying "You dog, don't I know better than you what is best for you to sing; if you do not sing this song I will not pay you one stiver." When Mme. Cuzzoni declined to sing his great *Adagio* in the opera of "*Otho*," he seized her by the waist and swore he would throw her out of the window if she did not instantly begin. All that practice and ability, taste and refinement, could do for the expression of his music, he extracted from his execu-

tants, and the annual performance of the Oratorio for the benefit of the Counseling Hospital, and the Society of Decayed Musicians, kept up his teaching, and rendered it a memorable and unalterable tradition. But Art is not stationary, nor is it possible for two great singers to think alike or work in the same groove. The celebrated Ancient Concerts were established purposely to disseminate and preserve these special readings of the Great Master, and there was no marked innovation until the advent of Mme. Mara. The famous singer in plain chant and who would not allow anyone to be called a singer who could not properly intone a phrase of the old chant, when told of a forthcoming rival, was accustomed to say, "Oh we shall see. Can she sing six notes of the plain chant?" Mme. Mara made the song "I know that my Redeemer liveth" a new conception to the English mind. She is said to have immortalized her own name in association with this song. Like Mrs. Siddons, she was not remarkable for tenderness, but she held a mastery over her audience by the strength and intensity of her reading. She sang of death, resurrection, judgment, perfect peace, and future felicity, in tones so rich and powerful, and with a portraiture so unaffected and yet so pre-eminent, that the new rendering was at once received as the truest expression of the words of the Arabian Patriarch, and the right interpretation of this almost inspired music.

Mme. Mara, by splendid natural faculties and immense artistic requirements, stamped a greater style upon the songs of the "Messiah" than any English singer preceding her day had been able to accomplish. The Mara interpretation continued until the appearance of Mme. Catalani, who, in giving the Christmas recitatives, overwhelmed and astonished the minds of her audience as by one tremendous blow. She gave the words, "The glory of the Lord shone round them" with the full magnificence of her wonderful delivery and prodigious quantity of tone, and then enunciated the words "And they were sore afraid," slowly, separately, and distinctly, but in a whisper so low and solemn, that the awe-stricken audience seemed at once to realize the very scene.

This remarkable vocalist carried by storm the well settled traditions of the Messianic songs, and so long as she retained her overwhelming torrent of tone, and her wondrous energy and force, the audience could not resist these influences and fully sympathized with her impulsive and impassioned interpretations. Her reading of the Christmas recitations became a tradition, but her contemporaries, Miss Stephens, Miss M. Tree, and those who followed, such as Miss Paton, and Mme. Caradori-Allan, declined to adopt more of the Catalani readings, and one and all held to the subtle and refined school of Mme. Mara.

Miss Stephens certainly did no more, possibly less, with the songs of the "Messiah" than did Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Salmon, and Miss Corri, who each had their characteristics, but not sufficiently distinctive to constitute a speciality. Miss Stephens was for many years queen of the Oratorio and maintained her sway, not by high attributes of art, but by a purely sympathetic tone. She had no great fire, no great feeling, commendable elocution, not always correct in intonation; but what she did was done in an elegant, appreciative, and well-bred manner. There was far more force and brilliancy, pathos and passion in the reading of Miss Paton, a singer who never failed to make her audience overlook an imperfect method, by the noble spirit and just expression she gave to all she attempted. Mme. Caradori-Allan is to be remembered for a particular neatness and an extreme finish, but

she was not one to melt the heart or draw the tear. Who can forget the exquisite purity of tone, the unvarying brilliancy, and unbroken stream of Clara Novello? Unrivalled in vocal mechanism, but wanting in all the other attributes of the great artist, the liquid sweetness of her tone seemed in her to have absorbed all other feeling; and as she gave no evidence of sensibility or suffering on her own part, she excited no such emotions on the part of her auditory.

For some time past the soprano songs in the "Messiah" have been in abeyance. No new power has been brought upon them, no fresh conception, and they have been subdued somewhat below the old traditions. For the moment a bright luminary flashed over us, and in Jenny Lind was heard a significance and potency of conception and mastery which promised an eclipse of all that either Mara or Catalani had created. Jenny Lind sang the Messianic songs with surpassing power and effect, bearing witness to the truth of the principles upon which she had been taught. This lady possessed great school and great genius, and what she did was beyond imitation. The field has been long open for vocalists educated in the great school; and the difficulty has been to induce the foreign artist to study the English language sufficiently, so as to bring great artistic requirement before the English public, without being marred by improper accents and misrepresentations of words, so ordinarily heard in the Handelian singings by French and Italian artists. The great vocalist was to be heard in Covent Garden but not in Exeter Hall. The cloud has passed away, and two new stars have shed resplendent light upon the recent performance of the "Messiah" in Exeter Hall. The singing of Mme. Trebelli-Bettini in Handel's "Messiah" is of such high and substantial character as to recall the traditions of Mrs. Cibber on the performance of the oratorio in Dublin. It is recorded that so impressively did Mrs. Cibber render the aria, "He was despised," that a naughty Irish dean rose up and said, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven." As there was no naughty Mrs. Cibber at Exeter Hall the other evening, so there was no naughty dean to make such a naughty speech, although there were very many present equally carried away by their feelings as was the Irish dignitary.

Mlle. Nilsson has studied her share of the Messianic songs somewhat in the same spirit as did Mme. Catalani; she possessed her own conceptions of brilliant fancy, and a decided and fully defined characteristic expression. Certain in intonation, of extraordinary felicity, her taste and judgment have full play and her impulses are so sympathetic that she overwhelms the audience and raises it to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Her declamation of the Shepherd Recitatives revealed a determination to think for herself and to decline the hypocritical rôle of an imitator. The reading was large, and massed with a light and shade that commanded instant attention, which culminated into the most demonstrative marks of approval and delight. The audience were evidently unprepared for the rushing force with which she gave that trying and teasing aria, "Rejoice greatly;" and it is only the artist that can fully comprehend the difficulty of continuing volume of tone throughout the extended space of divisions which forms the subject-matter of this venerable bravura. The Cavatinas "Come unto Him" and "How beautiful are the feet" found a deep repose, and opened full opportunities for the sweet and delicious tones of Mlle. Nilsson's magnificent organ. The singing of the great aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was received with one long continued roll of acclamation, and the utmost endeavors were made to gain the encore. So great is the reverential and holy spirit of this aria it will well bear the large Andante its composer intended, and its rendering in all its full feeling, and intense faith ought to satisfy the hearer and subdue the impulse for a repetition. To give it twice is too great a strain on the powers of the vocalists, and must weaken the heightened imagination of the audience. We may hereafter touch upon the traditions of the

tenor and bass songs in the "Messiah," but for the present we must forbear.—*Orchestra.*

Critics and the Criticized.

The following remarks, from the London *Orchestra*, are quite as applicable to musical as to theatrical artists and managers.

We would like, for mere curiosity's sake, to be able to determine the amount of critical laudation which should cease to have a value in the actor's or the manager's eye, by reason of excess. Would it be possible to lay the praise on too thick? Could the force of the dictionary, with all its sesquipedalian adjectives of ecstasy, be brought to bear so that the actor should say, "No, come, I don't deserve all this?" We very much doubt it. We believe that under the most fulsome flattery the mind of man could produce, an ordinary actor or actress would sit down with complacency and observe, "Really a very judicious writer, that; quite a superior sort of penetration altogether." Certainly the histrionic bosom never sickens with excess of praise. We do not believe there is a player living who ever in his heart of hearts confessed that So-and-so, critic of plays, overrated his abilities in print. If such nausea were possible in the dramatic breast, the behavior from time to time of a band of ecstatic writers towards a certain young lady on the boards would provoke some mild deprecation. But it never does. Though she be invested with Helen's beauty, and Hebe's freshness, and Medea's intensity, though she be made the incarnation of the three Graces, and nine Muses, and for dramatic intellect be a Jordan, Bracegirdle, Siddons, Rachel, Ristori, all at once, it is quite right—no more than her due. We have seen such redundancy of effusive epithets lavished upon this young lady—who would do well if she were less greedy of praise and less indulged with it—that one would say she must inevitably revolt at the heaping of the adjectives. We never heard that she did revolt—except when anybody hinted that she had yet much to learn.

In contradiction to this omnivorous capacity for eulogy—the actor's as to his art, the manager's as to his enterprise—it is curious to note the excessive sensitiveness of both to the slightest form of disparage. The sickliest encomium is not too much for their appetite: the tiniest discouragement is too huge a pill. It is as though an ostrich should choke with a peppercorn. Disparage they consider such a very extraordinary and altogether abnormal thing, that it cannot exist consistently with truth. If you disapprove of the actor's art or the manager's policy, it follows that you must have a bad motive somewhere. You cannot possibly do so on honest grounds; you must have a prejudice, or a spite, or at all events a moral warp in some shape or other. And so self-evident is this warp to the eye of the criticized, that he thinks he has but to reproduce it in public to make everybody else see it also. Thus the manager of the Globe Theatre prefixes the announcement of the night's entertainment upon his playbill with an extract from a damaging notice which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* entitled "Progress." He does so without comment, further than remarking that the public may read and judge for themselves, or words to that effect. Of course he holds that the unfairness of disapproval speaks for itself, and needs no interpretation. He never attempts to argue the matter: why should he? His position is simply this: "You say that my play is badly written and badly acted: *de facto* you must be an utterly unfair, prejudiced, ill-judging fellow altogether, and I have only to circulate your words to let everybody see how ill-conditioned you are." Now this *naïveté* on the manager's part would be amusing if it were singular. But it is exceedingly common, and is exemplified over and over again. Indeed it may be said to form the normal attitude of any manager and any actor who receives a dressing of unusual sharpness. He never asks himself whether he possibly deserves it. That hypothesis is utterly out of the question. No; it proceeds from that bad motive on the critic's part, which is so hard to discover, but which nevertheless must exist, or disapproval could not be.

We need not advert upon the precise criticism which Mr. Sefton Parry exposes by republishing it in his playbills. Nor need we comment upon the general truthfulness, excellence, and thorough independence of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which render its dramatic critiques so trenchant and sincere. We merely instance the action of the Globe manager as illustrative of the condition of mind which obtains throughout the whole dramatic profession directly a word of disapproval is recorded in print.

A Word for Wagner.

(To the Editor of the "Athenæum.")

Sir,—As one of the few London musicians who have earnestly desired to become acquainted with the operas of Richard Wagner, I ask permission, at a time when his enemies are more than usually abusive, to say a few words on the subject. A Wagner opera must be considered as a drama with musical declamation—a work consisting of music, poetry, scenery, and action. Consequently, any attempt to measure it by the same standard of criticism as is applied to purely musical works must fail. The analysis of any detached musical phrase, of any single line of poetry, as a thing for itself, is as much out of place as was the notion of the clergyman who talked of the beauty of "a bar of Beethoven." Thus the usual channels by which an operatic composer becomes known are nearly closed for Wagner. Imagine a *Tannhäuser* "selection" at a promenade concert (alas! no mere supposition), a *morceau de salon* upon *Lohengrin*, the *Rheingold* quadrilles or the *Fliegende Holländer*, ground on the street corners!

My present object is to point out that a clear understanding of a Wagner opera must be obtained from an efficient performance of the same: in default of this, the only possible alternative consists in the intelligent rendering of some entire scene at the pianoforte, the words, of course, being sung. The admission of these two points appears to me most important. Any one thoroughly conversant with musical forms up to the latest Beethoven period, and aided by some experience, may certainly comprehend a difficult score by Brahms, or Heller, without an actual performance, or the assistance of a pianoforte; but in the case of Wagner, the mind must distinctly realize and retain a train of musical and poetical thought which has never before been expressed, which may occupy half an hour in its delivery, and which becomes more clear and definite after being actually heard than can possibly be the case after being merely imagined. Those who remember the first introduction of Beethoven's works will probably admit the truth of this. Imagine an accomplished musician of those days who could read a score of Haydn or Mozart with equal ease at the writing-table or at the piano, but who had as yet no knowledge of Beethoven. Would he be competent to picture to himself that master's *Missa Solemnis* by merely reading it? Any work not exceeding the already-known artistic boundaries would present no difficulties to him. But the creator of what is absolutely new, must be heard in order to be distinctly realized, I repeat, therefore, that for those who have no opportunity of hearing an efficient performance, and who wish to arrive at a clear understanding of a Wagner opera, it is necessary to hear some entire scene played and sung at the pianoforte. Let pianists not possessed of the requisite brain and finger qualifications beware! The almost invariable answer of a musical critic when questioned as to his knowledge of the much dreaded music is, "Oh! I have read it." Let those who have not only read, but played, judge of the value of such "reading," and of the published criticisms which too often result from it.

I must exclude all reference to the earlier opera, *Rienzi*, from these remarks. I have also assumed that no one will undertake the study of Wagner's works without a thorough comprehension of the poems on which his music is founded. I have addressed myself solely to those who, having no pre-conceived prejudice, are really desirous of becoming acquainted with a subject which now attracts universal attention: any attempt to change the opinion of professional critics once pledged to uphold certain views, or of those (and their name is legion) who have been embittered by a recent brochure to which it would be too wide a digression here to allude, would assuredly be useless. Most warmly do I echo the sentiment of Mr. Chorley as expressed in last week's *Athenæum*—indeed, what he applies to the rehearsal of the *Rheingold* I would even extend to the whole Wagner question:—"never has partisanship been so unblinking and unscrupulous as on this occasion." Amen! Amen! with all my heart.

WALTER BACHE.

58, Great Russell Street, Sept. 15, 1869.

Last Words About "Das Rheingold."

Sept. 23, 1869.

Last week's *Athenæum* gave a new and amusing proof of the nature of the grounds on which such honest persons as bow the knee to Herr Wagner claim homage for their uncouth and shapeless musical idol. The concocter of "Das Rheingold" has, in Mr. Walter Bache, found a champion more earnest than original, more peremptory than powerful or prudent. Let us look into the reason of such

championship. First, Mr. Bache tells us, we "must consider a Wagner opera" as "a drama with musical declamation,—a work consisting of music, poetry, scenery and action." Ere thus bidden "to eat the leek," old fashioned students like myself, I submit, had already been instructed to consider that the above-cited four elements were indispensable to every opera, whether the same was classical in the observance of unities, or romantic in its appeals to the fancy. Possibly Mr. Bache intended to say that no single element should predominate; that the scene-painter and the machinist should hold an equal place with that of the dramatist who devises the tale in poetry, of the musician who clothes it with all the garnitures of a beautiful art, subject to certain and definite laws, and that of the actors who exhibit the thoughts completed rather than nakedly expressed by the skill and science of the musician. All separation for the purpose of analysis of any of the elements aforesaid is thereby protested against by Mr. Bache. A green canvass tree is thereby asserted to be as "worthy" (to quote old grammar) as a musical phrase,—a thump on the drum as superb as any flash of genius on the part of a Pasta, a Lablache, a Malibran. Let such a fallacy pass, that we may come to a truism of its kind equally astounding. Mr. W. Bache insists that no clear understanding of the Wagnerian shows can be arrived at without the admirer, or recusant, as may be, having been present at an efficient performance of them, or the study of some entire scene at a pianoforte recital, accompanied by the voice. "By this means," continues our enthusiast, "in the case of Wagner, the mind must distinctly realize and retain a train of musical and poetical thought which has never before been expressed, which may occupy half-an hour in its delivery, and which becomes more clear and definite after being actually heard than can possibly be the case after being merely imagined." It is certainly as well to know something about that which the hearer pretends to judge; but such an amazing concession does not help us to the solution of Mr. Bache's difficulty. Audrey's question, "Is it a true thing?" remains unanswered. Are we considering a stately edifice,

—a pleasure dome of rare device, and composed of precious material, pointing upwards to the skies? or some chaotic monster not meriting the name of a building, in which every accepted law and proportion are reversed or set aside, and in which, falling gold and marble and precious stones, we are bidden to accept, by way of novelty, such rubbish as great artificers of genius have cast aside by reason of its meanness and want of worth? No reiteration of flat and pompous truisms, I am convinced, will give grace, variety, or originality to the inane and unmeaning phrases allotted to the singers in 'Das Rheingold,'—dramatic interest or poetry to its awkward and scarcely intelligible legend, told in flat or outrageous language,—nor practicability to scenic combinations ridiculous because impossible. Every condition that Mr. Walter Bache demands (including that of preliminary study of the pianoforte score) was complied with by many who attended the careful and excellent, and all but complete, presentation of 'Das Rheingold' at its rehearsal. Of course, the impression of miserable weariness made on these by bad choice of the drama, by monotony and want of significance in ideas, worse arrangement of it for music, and an absurdity of scenery, is ascribed by Mr. Bache to "preconceived prejudice," to "critical obstinacy and incompetence," and to a feeling embittered by Herr Wagner's polemical habit of exalting himself by abusing his betters (not forgetting his cant about Judaism). But Mr. Bache's assertions, unsupported by proof, will no more attract a public to the booth of a transcendental charlatan, than my impressions will destroy that which deserves to thrive and live, even as the music of the great masters has thriven and still lives on the opera stages of Germany, Italy, France, and England. There may be fits of disease and bad taste; but that which is true and real is great, and, as the adage says, "will prevail."

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

The "Concerts Ancient and Modern," (N. Y.)

MR. EDITOR:—In your short notice of a Prospectus referring to a season of Three Concerts of Ancient and Modern music, to be given by subscription in New York, during the coming winter, occurs the following remark:—"from which the reporter element is to be excluded."

As this is likely to create some misconception of the meaning of the word "reporter," it will, perhaps, not be out of place to explain, that the promoters of these Concerts are ladies and gentlemen of leisure,

who desire to create, in a private way, an Art atmosphere, in which they can become acquainted with a class of compositions—sacred and secular—at present uncared for by a general public, to place which before whom, dependent on the whim and caprice of that myriad headed body, would be, as it has been again and again, attended by a pecuniary failure.

I had nothing whatever to do with drawing up the Prospectus, nor am I in any way responsible for the organization or business arrangements of these Concerts. This department is, very properly, out of my hands. The Church Music Association has simply done me the honor of making me the Musical Director and Conductor of the Concerts. That important element of success or non-success, as the case may be, the Committee of Management, is composed of gentlemen of wealth and influence, whose social life has been tempered and refined by education and culture, and whose action in the affair will, to a large extent, be governed by the sense of the great body of subscribers. These subscribers desire that the undertaking should be private. Ordinary newspaper criticism, then, it is obvious, would be entirely out of place.

But, as the word "reporter," as it appears in the prospectus, may be misunderstood, I would beg to state, that I understand it to mean, one employed in the simple routine of transcribing words and actions, impression and feeling, as they arise, without any attempt at the expression of an opinion, or an analysis of the subject under consideration. Ordinary news, police reports, speeches and transactions of religious and political meetings, etc., are the proper arena of reporters. With the highest respect, then, for this class of very useful gentlemen, I may be permitted to state, that it would be utterly out of place, in an association of this kind, to invite the attendance of any such person in a critical capacity. They are, therefore, I think, very properly omitted.

There is, however, another person, of a higher type,—the "writer." Him the Church Music Association will always welcome, and for him, amongst others of the *Literati*, I am informed, will be assigned tickets of admission. He is invariably one who has been thoroughly grounded in the elements and first principles of the art and science he professes and has been engaged to discuss; and whose judgment, nurtured by a long series of years of experience, carries with it the right of authority. Should any gentleman of this class, member of the press, honor the performance with a review of the compositions and their interpretation, it might be of the utmost service in promoting a larger comprehension of the works under study.

It is hoped, however, that all reviews would be entirely free of personal allusions to the physical beauty of any particular voice, or to the especial talent of any individual performer forming a component part of the whole organization. That the analysis may be directed rather to the construction of the composition and the *ensemble* produced by the combined efforts of the orchestra, soli, and chorus, all of which in concerts of this description are equally important, than addressed to individual vanity, which, as a rule, is of no advantage to art or the public. Diversity of opinion, of course, is a spur to reflection; variety of sentiment, the source of excellence; while each slight hint and kind communication will assist in accomplishing a good work. It will excite the emulation of the performers and the approbation of all.

With this explanation I take my leave, trusting that these concerts will present to the *Subscribers*, the *Literati* and the *Art World* of New York, not only a good general face of Musical Art, but also some of its deeper recesses. In the conscientious pursuit of this it is further hoped that the performances may win the approval of those who have initiated them, as well as the appreciation of that highly cultured audience which is to attend them.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES PECH.

TRINITY PARISH, New York, Nov. 23, 1869.

[From the Transcript.]

MUSIC TEACHING, ITS USES AND ABUSES. By Marie A. Brown. Music is an inspiration and an art. The inspiration thrills the soul with its swift and penetrating presence,—the art through whose perfected skill it is transmitted is only reduced by a long and careful process. This process or method is the subject of much theory and experiment, to say nothing of the empiricism which claims to have found the secret of easy and rapid acquisition through a series of leaps, instead of the slow and sure steps of a true growth in knowledge and perception. To learn is to open gradually, naturally and healthfully, to the newer and deeper understanding. To teach is to lend the helping hand, to brace the feeble steps, to stimulate the timid efforts. It is not to force, not to compel, not to urge to premature and sickly effects, but to aid the natural faculties to their natural manifestation. The true teacher takes his pupil as he finds him—taking into consideration his organization, temperament, disposition, and the capabilities which these include; finding the original bent, he does not attempt to change it; perceiving the tendency, he does not strive to counteract it, but to assist it to its characteristic expression. Thus the method is determined by the pupil, the course by the character, the expedients by the need of the case.

A good teacher has just as many methods as he has pupils—no more, no less. The groundwork of his influence lies in the sympathy which he is able to establish—the communion between himself and pupil; for without communion there is no interchange and without interchange there can be no teaching; the master's knowledge remains his own, and the pupil is none the wiser. This communion depends upon several indispensable conditions; a thoroughly good-understanding and good will on the part of the pupil, and the absence of interruption. The presence of any third person during the lesson is an interruption; it breaks the accord and introduces a variety of strange and conflicting influences, besides overwhelming the pupil in that fatal self-consciousness which it is the teacher's object to put to rest. Vanity gives rise to many silly and distressing emotions; the presence of a third person always excites the vain wish to excel, or the reverse side of vanity, despair of ever doing anything well, and timidity, hesitation, and nervous excitement are the inevitable results. Competition is an unworthy motive, that should never enter the domain of art; it may do for traffic and money-making, although its results are doubtful even there; but one who aspires to be an artist should not strive to emulate any other, for his work is individual, the aspiration of his own soul and its efforts to express in original and pure utterances the wondrous consciousness that pervades its being. It bears no reference to any other, measures itself by no other standard, conforms itself to no other decree.

Music as a study requires from the pupil devotion, from the teacher earnest care. Music is harmony; we approach it through love, attraction leads us within its charmed precincts. The pupil must love music, love his work, love the composition he is studying, love his scales and studies; for if he hates them in the slightest degree, that repulsion will drive them away from his grasp, and make attainment impossible. The teacher must not allow dislike in any form to invade the pupil's mind; he must kindle interest and keep it alive by every device in his power. The teacher must not stand in the way of the pupil; he must be attentive, but never obtrusive; fully adequate to the pupil's demand, yet never arbitrary. The music given to a pupil should be very nicely adapted to his degree of advancement; if too easy, it is insipid, and excites contempt; if too difficult, it is discouraging, and if too subtle and intricate, it simply bewilders and depresses the immature mind.

Mechanical skill should be kept strictly subservient; the spirit of a composition should be its own interpreter—disclosing its own meaning, guiding to its own performance, governing alike the fingers and the instrument. Hopeless the attempt to galvanize a mechanical performance into the show of life; it is mere structure, but the life, the heart, the throb of emotion are not there. The teacher must ever call forth all that is noblest in the pupil, for the beautiful life is the only passport to the ideal regions of art; the talent can only become shining when illuminated by the interior glory!

German Songs.

(From the "Atlantic Monthly.")

... My little book opens of itself to one song my friend sang,—that charming one of Uhland's, "The Landlady's Little Daughter." Translate it for you? No, it has been better done than I can do it, and you shall hear our friend Max Helfenstein sing it some day. But I will tell you its story. "Three students

were travelling over the Rhine." Handsome young fellows, I know they were, with little caps of three colors set on their long curls, with amber moustaches soft as the silk of Indian corn, and with great blue Teutonic eyes, and fresh, fair cheeks, with a bit of a scar, perhaps, on one. "They stopped," it says, "when they came to the landlady's sign." Of course their first question—for Rhineland roads are dusty—was for beer and wine, and next for the landlady's little daughter. And Frau Wirthin answers that her beer and wine are as good as ever, but her little daughter lies ready for the grave. And they come quietly and sadly enough into the death-chamber, where she lies in the black coffin; and the first student, who has never seen her, turns back the shroud and looks long and earnestly upon the sweet, pale face, and says: "Wert thou but living now, I would love thee from this time henceforth." And the second covers again the well-remembered features, and turns weeping away, saying: "I have loved thee long." But the third once more lifts up the veil, and kisses brow and mouth, and, with a sorrow passing tears, says:

"I have loved thee ever, I love but thee,
And thee will I love through eternity."

There was another pretty song in the dialect spoken in the Bavarian Highlands, of which the refrain ran:—

"When I come, when I come, when I once more come,
I return, my love, to thee."

It is a little *Volkssied*, but full of the simple, direct affection of humble life, which does not trouble itself about fine phrases any more than he who sings it about fine clothes. It is true to the sentiment of the wandering trade's apprentice and the faithful plain-faced maiden who waits for him at home. But it is a capital marching-song, such a one as you can step out to with a jolly, swinging stride.

It is a strange but profitable life, that roving one of the Handwerksbursch, for he sees all that Ulysses saw, "men and cities," and he learns the best ways of doing his appointed work which anywhere are practiced. Even the German waiters travel, to study the hotel-keeping fashions of all Europe. I have met them in London coffee houses painfully acquiring the "yes sir," "arf an' arf, sir," "rosenmutton 'nd 'tatoes, sir," of the London Ganymedes and exchanging their "gleich! gleich!" for the "d'reckly, sir," with which the modern Francis of Eastcheap has replaced the "anon, anon," of Falstaff's and Bardolph's time. For, my dear, in the season all nations meet at the German *table d'hôte*, and every civilized people has its little peculiarities. And, therefore, as home-keeping waiters, like other youth, will have but homely wits, the German Kellner is found far and wide learning English in the intervals of duty out of a greasy copy of the *Vicar of Wakefield*.—I suppose because the good Dr. Goldsmith was also a freeman of the guild of foot-travellers; and Italian out of "I Promessi Sposi"; and French—no, my dear, though you often remind me that "Calypso, not being able to console herself after the departure of," etc., the German does not need to drink at that fountain in his maturer years; he knew all about French, except its accent, before he got out of his school boy jacket.

But you have led me into a digression, and so lost all that I had to tell you about the great tree-trunk in the heart of Vienna, which is set with nails until it is malleable, and into which every blacksmith's apprentice coming to Vienna must hammer a new one; and you have also lost the story one of the craft told me as we walked from Neckar-Steinach to Heidelberg. I must get back to my song-birds again. This little book, *Bertha*, is a collection of German songs. You see, to save room, they are printed like prose; whereas our bards always make obvious to the eye that metrical quality which the ear might perhaps fail to find out. Economy of space *versus* economy of time. I have my finger on one of them, and if you will take it in a rough version, I will read it to you, it is so full of the spirit of vagabond life in the German summer time:

"A farthing and a penny
Were in this purse of mine;
The farthing went for brown-bread,
The penny went for wine."

"The maidens and the landlords
They cry, 'Alack and woe,'
The landlords when I linger,
The maidens when I go."

"My boots they hang in tatters,
My stockings they are strings,
Yet out upon the meadows
The small bird blithely sings."

"O, were there ne'er a tavern,"

("Morial," as the minstrel of Vilikins and his Dinah says)

"I'd hide in peace at home,
And had the cask no spigot
I could not drink therefrom."

This same gentleman, one would think, must have been the hero of Von Müller's capital song, of which the *naivete* is hardly transferable into English. (I observe all great poets say this when they have fears that their translations will not produce the required sensation.) But such as I can do you shall receive:

"Here I come out of the tavern 'all right,'
Street, thou presentest a wonderful sight;
Right hand and left hand, now this side, now that,
Street, thou'rt in liquor,—I see it, that's flat!"

"What a squint countenance, moon, hast thou got!
One eye he opens and one keeps he shut;
Clearly I see it, moon, thou must be mellow:
Shame on thee, shanie on thee, jolly old fellow."

"There go the lamp-posts, which used to stand still,
Spinning around like the wheel of a mill,
Dancing and prancing to left and to right;
Seems to me everything's tipsy to-night."

"All topsy-turvy, both little and great;
Shall I go on and endanger my pate?
That were presuming. No, no, it is plain,
Better go back in the tavern again."

There are plenty more convivial songs, of all degrees of merit, from Schiller's transcendental "Panschlied" to one which I heard roared out in a Tyrolean Wirthshaus to a tune very like the infant-school song of

"Children go, to and fro,
In a merry, pretty row";

of which chorus and song were principally repetitions of the words "Bairisch Bier." But there are other things to sing of besides drink. I wish somebody would take up Uhland, and, picking out a half dozen poems I could select, give them in first rate versions. I cannot do it, my love; I can sit down with my dictionary and render word for word into passable doggerel imitations; but to get the soul, "to catch the aroma of a pound of tea," so to speak, as Vivian Grey proposed to the Marquis of Carabas in making punch, is another matter. They say Capri wine loses its flavor if you take it even to Rome, and that the fragrant Steinberger should never be uncorked save upon the banks of the Rhine. So it is with these delicious little German songs; they cannot stand a sea-voyage.

There is a river-song of Uhland's. A boat gliding down a river, its passengers all strangers, and sitting silent. By and by the old forester draws from under his blouse his hunting-horn, and tries a familiar air; the wandering apprentice is moved to unscrew the head and fennel of his staff, and takes out of that his flute; and the pretty girl, with her brown hair neatly braided,—and no ugly bonnet, we may be sure,—finds courage, after a glance or two at her blushing face in the water, to add her voice. The oarsmen catch up the chorus, and the echoes join and repeat, and we may be sure the sun seems to shine out more brightly and the smooth water to break into more sparkling ripples,—though the song does not say so,—and that every one is kind and friendly. Then the keel slips gently on to the smooth sandy shore, and the little company breaks up quite saddened at parting.

"Farewell, brothers, e'er shall we
In one bark together be?"

There is a rippling motion of the lines, which is very suggestive, and which the double rhymes, so abundant in German, help to cause.

There is a very wild gypsy song of Goethe's, which I often croon over, because of its chorus. I will try to remember it for you:

"In the whirl of the mist, in the deep snow,
In the wild wood, in the winter night,
I heard the wolves' long hunger-howl,
I heard the hooting cry of the owl,
Wille, wau, wau, wau,
Wille, wo, wo, wo,
Wito, hu!"

"I shot one day a cat by the hedge,
Annie, the witch's old black cat
Seven wehr-wolves came in the night to me,
Each an old wife of the village was she.
Wille, wau, wau, wau, etc."

"I knew them all and I knew them well;
The Annie, the Ursel, the Bess,
The Lisa, the Barb'ra, the Eva, the Kate;
They howled in a ring around my gate
Wille, wau, wau, wau, etc."

"I named them all by their names aloud,
What wilt thou, Annie, what wilt thou, Bess?
Themselves they wriggled, themselves they shook,
And howling homeward their way they took.
Wille, wau, wau, wau,
Wille, wo, wo, wo,
Wito, hu!"

I wish I could hit as literally Goethe's serenade. But there is an untranslatable felicity which some

German poems have, of repeating, as in this one, the third line of the preceding stanza as the first of the next, and keeping the same ending for each stanza. It is like a braid of gold and silver cord, where the same thread appears again under each entwining. Rückert and Heine both do the same. And, as I mention Heine, what a vision of Germany comes to me! His two volumes which I have here on my table are a series of pictures. He seems to have set life to music; and his life opera begins with a dark tragic overture, to end in the most comic and yet the saddest of finales. Love and despair, or love and satiety; and then the mocking chorus of the "Germania" at the close. His songs are little sketches,—a lonely street, and a figure pacing before an empty house; a watcher at the street-corner looking up at lighted windows; a voyager gazing at the stormy North Sea waves; the sea beach with the mists rolling in from beyond the light-house;—a passionate investiture of all natural objects with the burning Nessus shirt of the wearer. The water-lily pining for the moon (who is masculine in German, as the sun is the triumphant representative of the woman's rights question), the moon looking up from the lake to meet the water-lily's gaze;—all nature is the victim, according to Heine, of an "unrequited," or "prior, attachment." Then comes the time when nothing is too sacred for the daring muse, and then there are poems which no one of English blood ever would or could translate, being worse than atheistic.

But intermingled with these are the tenderest and loveliest of little poems, and, as I said, the most comic. When I first read his "Deutschland," I laughed till I cried over his description of his breaking down in his post-chaise in the forest, and the wolves assembling around, and the speech he makes to persuade them that he was a fellow-sympathizer with them, and had advocated the cause of the sheep only to save appearances.

I can turn, I find, to a little poem of his,—to one of his many lady-loves,—which I like very much for its simplicity, and which blends his two moods very prettily:

"My child, we both were children,
Two children blithe and gay,
When we used to creep in the hen-house
And hide ourselves in the hay."

"We crowsed just as the cocks crow,
To puzzle the passer-by;
Kikerikee! they thought it
The genuine cockerel cry."

"On the big chests in our garret
Old shawls and carpets were laid;
We lived in them together,
And a famous house we made."

"The old cat of our neighbor
Came often on us to call;
We met her bows and courtesies
With complimenting and all."

"We asked after all her kindred,
Carefully naming each one,
As with many an ancient tabby
We have often since then done."

"We sat and we talked like the old folks
In a solemn head-basking way;
Complaining that all things were better,
Far better, than now, in our day."

"That Love and Truth and Believing
Out of the world were fled;
And coffee was so much dearer,
And money so scarce, we said."

"Gone are the childish fancies;
And flying like dreams of youth
Are the World and the Times and the Money,
Believing, and Love, and Truth."

If you like that,—and having been a child I think you must,—here is one more of Heine's upon a different key,—one of his melancholy love-songs; which young gentlemen, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, should such read the Atlantic, are requested not to omit:

"I love a flower, yet which it is I know not,
And thence there comes my pain;
And one by one each blossom cup I gaze in,
And seek a heart again."

"The flowers are fragrant to the day's declining,
The nightingale is heard;
I seek a heart as fair and fond as mine is,
A heart as deeply stirred."

"The nightingale is singing, and I listen
The mystery of her moan;
To both of us it is so lone and dreary
So drear and lone."

Sentimental enough, I dare say; but as we grow older, my dear wife, we love sentiment. It is a harmless beverage,—the *eau sucrée* which, when one is hot and dusty with the hard work of life, is very cooling and refreshing. Do you say I am getting prosy? For that I shall inflict another stanza on you, "The Origin of the Watch." Says Heine:

"Tell me who first the clock found out,
Parcelling hours and minutes out?
It was a shivering, sorrowful one,
Who sat and thought in the midnight lone,
And counted the steps of the knowing mouse,
And the death-watch's click in the weary house."

The antithesis to this—he who invented kisses—is not so good, so I will not translate it; but instead the little song which Heine calls "Doctrin," merely premising, my child, that the principle of Hegel's philosophy has been thus summed up: "Nothing is, but everything is going to be."

"Rattle the drumsticks and never fear,
And merrily kiss the vivandière;
That is the whole of learning's sphere,
That is the big book's chiefest care."

"Drum up the people out of their sleep;
Beat the reveille with youthful arm,
Drumming and marching ever ahead;
That is the sum of learning's charm."

"That's the Hegelian philosophy,
The pith of the books both great and small;
I found it out because I am wise,
And because I'm a skilful drummer withal."

The charm of most of his little poems, however, lies partly in the deep passion poured out in them, and their exquisite little pictures of out-door life. They are like vignettes or marginal etchings, such as, if I were rich enough, I would have to a unique copy of "Hyperion" that I have devised. I don't know of anybody save Tennyson who has written such in English. For a true song is just a single thought in a rich setting. There are love-poems which may be sung, and also many other poems which suffer the same change in the sea of music; but songs they can hardly be called. Men sometimes, not often, express themselves, in moments of great feeling, lyrically; but when they simply sing, it is not because they are thinking much, but just want to let out a pleasant or tender emotion in a simple way through music. Negro melodies, real ones, are a fair example of the singing impulse. The idea is subordinated to the air. Negro melodies manufactured are utterly opposed to every true principle of song making; are such as, except for sale, no mortal ever would dream of making. So are all Scotch songs not written by Scotchmen, and sea songs not written by sailors, convivial ditties written by young gentlemen in the Sophomore year of college, and the miscellaneous "poems" so entitled in most volumes of verse. A true song is one that will come into one's head as he walks in the woods of a pleasant day, and that runs over the lips unconsciously. He who writes one good song in his life may rest, like single-speech Hamilton, on his laurels.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 25.—In my last letter I mentioned the coming opening of the new "Liederkrantz" Hall. On Saturday evening it took place, and a very enjoyable entertainment it proved to be. I append a programme of the concert:

- 1 Overture. Magic Flute.Mozart.
- 2 Hymn. "To Music." [Male chorus].Lachner.
- 3 Scherzo. B. moll. op. 31. [Miss Alide Topp].Chopin.
- 4 Chorus from the "Creation." [Mixed Chorus and Orchestra].Haydn.
- 5 Coronation March.Meyerbeer.

The orchestral and vocal portions of the programme were extremely well done and reflected great credit upon the energy and care of the musical director, Herr Paur. The male chorus was emphatically the gem of the evening, and was sung in an almost faultless manner by the well-drilled voices. The shading was very fine, while the *crescendos* and *diminuendos*, accurate and even, were superb. One could easily understand why this Society took the prize at the "Saengerfest," at Baltimore, during the past summer.

After the singing of the "Hymn," Mr. William Steinway, President of the Society, delivered a short and able address, in which he alluded to the past, present and future of the Society, thanked its members for their liberal contributions, made mention of their past artistic triumphs, and then, in a few well-chosen and appropriate sentences, concluded amid warm and hearty applause.

I regret to say that Miss Topp did justice neither to herself nor to the magnificent Scherzo; she missed notes quite frequently, and altogether failed to achieve an artistic success. She was recalled, how-

ever, and then played, in rather better style. Heller's exquisite transcription of Schubert's "Die Forelle." Much allowance must be made for her, inasmuch as she played upon a Knabe piano (which was the prize won by the Society at the Baltimore "Saengerfest"), and it was unquestionably the poorest instrument I have ever heard in a respectable concert-room. It had a hard, wiry tone, and, besides, was not in tune.

At the conclusion of the concert (at about half past ten) the supper, which was sumptuous, took place; and at midnight commenced the ball which terminated somewhere among the small hours.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, which lay dormant for a time, has suddenly started up into active life, and is before the public this winter with a prospectus for the present season. The first concert will occur on Saturday evening, Nov. 13, and the musical affairs of the Society, including rehearsals, concerts, &c., will be under the direction of Carl Bergmann. I am very glad to know that our sister Society is once more upon its feet, and I most heartily wish for it a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Perhaps the experience of being without the concerts for a season may prove to be a salutary lesson to the Brooklyn people.

There have been three Patti concerts during the past week, which seem to have been quite as successful musically and pecuniarily as were the initial ones. Mlle. Patti executes her wonderful roudades and cadenzas with the same ease and grace. Habelmann has not improved; Prume plays decidedly better than he did at the opening concert, and the orchestra unmistakably bad. (It has also been reduced in size). M. Ritter is an admirable artist, and his quiet, gentlemanly manner of playing is something quite stupefying to audiences hitherto accustomed to clap-trap displays and monkey tricks with the keys. The Patti troupe starts for a very extended Western tour about Nov. 1st, and will probably visit Utah and California before returning to this city.

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. John N. Pattison—described by the *Syn* as one of our "most brilliant amateur pianists"—was married to Miss Adelaide Morgan, daughter of D. R. Morgan, Esq., a wealthy gentleman residing on 5th Avenue. It is understood that Mr. Pattison retires from the profession.

One of our pianists (whose name I shall not mention) recently received a letter of half a dozen lines from Liszt. This letter, together with its envelope, and a photograph of the great pianist, have been framed and placed in the window of one of the most flourishing and successful music stores on Broadway. All of which pleasingly illustrates the modesty of mankind.

NEW YORK, NOV. 1.—Our Philharmonic Society has issued its prospectus, and I shall endeavor to give a synopsis of it in as little space as possible. There will be seven Symphonies: Beethoven, No. 5, C minor; Schumann, No. 2, C major; Haydn, No. — D; Spohr, F, "Weihe der Töne;" Raff, No. 2, C; Mozart, Eb; Liszt, Dante Symphony. The Overtures to be played are mostly old favorites; the only new ones will be one by Jadassohn, and another by Goldmark. Choruses will be given from Wagner's "Meistersänger," and Liszt's "Elizabeth." In addition to these attractions, the entire "Midsummer Night's Dream" music will be performed (at the first concert), the poem being read by Mrs. Scott Siddons, while the choral accompaniment will be entrusted to the Arion Society. The solo artists already announced are S. B. Mills, Mme. Parepa-Rosa, F. Bergner, Mlle. Alide Topp, Carl Rosa, and Ole Bull. It will be remembered that Mme. Rosa was to have appeared at one of last season's concerts, but was prevented from so doing by serious illness, which detained her for many weeks in Baltimore.

The concerts will be six in number (with the usual eighteen public rehearsals) and will occur on the evenings of Nov. 27, Jan. 8, Feb. 5, March 5, April 2, May 7.

And now for the Brooklyn Society, which is now once more on its feet, with 1,000 subscribers already, and prospects of more. There will be 5 concerts (and 15 public rehearsals) on the evenings of Nov. 13, Dec. 18, Jan. 22, Feb. 26, April 9. No comprehensive prospectus has yet appeared, but I am in possession—through the courtesy of G. W. Warren, Esq., one of the most active and energetic directors—of the programme for the first concert, which is certainly a good and attractive one:

- Symphony, Eroica, No. 3.Beethoven.
"Complainte de la Mendicante".Meyerbeer.
Miss Adelaide Philipps.
Overture, "Wood Nymph".Sterndale Bennett.
P. F. Concerto, E flat major.Liszt.
Mlle. Alide Topp.
Rondo, "Non più mesta".Rossini.
Miss Philipps.
Jubel, Overture.Von Weber.

Maretzek's opera season will commence on Wednesday evening with "Il Trovatore." The leading roles will be taken by Mme. Briol and Sig. Lefranc, both new to us.

CHICAGO, OCT. 29. The unusual interest that attaches to the Parepa-Rosa English Opera season here makes it incumbent on me to give you some idea of what you may presently expect in Boston when the troupe shall have completed their preliminary rehearsals in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc.

This troupe comprises, as you already know, Mme. Parepa-Rosa and Miss Hersee, chief prime donne; Mrs. Edward Seguin and Miss Fannie Stockton, contraltis; Mr. William Castle and Mr. Henry Nordbloom, tenors; Mr. Maurice de Solla, 2nd tenor, Mr. Albert Lawrence, baritone; Messrs. S. C. Campbell and Gustavus Hall, bassi cantanti; Edward Seguin, buffo; and Mr. Frank Howard, basso. It will be seen that this combination is sufficiently strong to admit of effective performances in the concerted pieces, and numerous enough to allow of daily performances.

The chorus is not large (thirty or forty), but it is very spirited, accurate, not offensively bad-looking, and the parts are well balanced. The dresses are new. The orchestra comprises about thirty, and of its make-up the *Tribune* says:

"Rebbelin, of the New York Philharmonic, has one of the first violins. Howard Glover, who has made himself a name in song, has a second violin. Howell, of London, the successor of the great Dragonetti, is in the orchestra, playing one of the old-fashioned three-stringed instruments. Alard, the solo cellist, whom every one knows, is also there, and Rocco, the superb harpist, a new feature of the opera orchestras in this country, etc."

The opening was Monday night, Oct. 25th, with Wallace's *Maritana*, Parepa-Rosa in the title role, Castle as *Don Cesar*, Campbell as *Don Jose*, and Mrs. Seguin as *Lazarillo*. Parepa's singing of "The Harp in the air" was as perfect as possible, as also "Scenes that are brightest," and elicited hearty encores. The whole opera went well. The orchestra played with great reference to the proper accompaniment of the voices singing, and with a light and shade altogether new in operatic orchestras here since Anschütz was here with Grau's troupe four years ago, and this excellence is undoubtedly due to Carl Rosa's competent direction. Castle is said by all to sing far better than ever here before; his appearance on the stage is an unfailing signal for applause.

On Tuesday night Miss Rose Hersee made her debut here in the *Sonnambula*. This young lady is small in figure, a blonde, with a profusion of golden hair, a pleasant, sparkling manner, a clear, pure voice, mezzo-soprano, and very bird-like execution. She is young, and pretty, and apparently unaffected. I regard it as a great hit to have engaged her in this troupe;

as she is so complete a contrast to Mme. Parepa in point of personal appearance as to interest an audience, however she may fall short of filling the place of the great *cantratrice*. Her Amina was a lovely personation, not, indeed, betraying a lifelong study of stage business, but indicative of dramatic talent, and by its freshness absolutely more delightful to the audience than a performance would have been that manifested a more prolonged acquaintance with the stage. In voice she was entirely equal to the demands of the music, leaving nothing to be desired, unless one compares her to Mme. Parepa-Rosa, when one would desire for Miss Hersee a little more volume of tone in the concerted pieces. Mr. Castle gave us *Elvino* better than we have had it here before. Campbell was fearfully hoarse.

On Wednesday night Balfe's opera "The Puritan's Daughter" was given for the first time here, and Parepa-Rosa in the title role. Of this music space forbids to speak so fully as I could desire. It is evident, in short, that Balfe (as a rural friend remarked) "took in more ground than he could tend." The general design of the work is on the dimensions of an Italian grand opera, while Balfe's musical resources were inadequate to properly carry out his intention. Nevertheless the opening chorus is a fine one, and would be very effective for musical conventions and the like, and there are two or three male choruses that are very fine. The work abounds in recitative, and was regarded as a little tedious. I was superbly done. Castle sang a drinking song in the second act that was highly absurd, being drunk all the way through. In this, also, Mr. Gustavus Hall made his first appearance in opera here, as Charles II. He looked and sang the part well.

Thursday night "The Bohemian Girl" was given, with Miss Hersee as *Arlene*, and Mr. Nordblom made his debut in opera as *Thaddeus*. Miss Hersee made, if possible, a more favorable impression than on Tuesday night. Mr. Nordblom was, of course, green on the stage, but his voice is excellent, and he promises to become a valuable acquisition to the operatic theatre. He was deservedly encored in "Then you'll remember me," which was sung in a manner to satisfy a critic. Mr. Hall had to undertake the *Count*, in place of Campbell, at short notice, and being unfamiliar with the business, was not expected to meet with great success. However, he disappointed all his friends by doing better than they had thought he could under the circumstances. If Mr. Hall would learn to enunciate words with that delicate and finished propriety that characterizes the singing of Mme. Parepa-Rosa and Miss Hersee, he would make a great advance toward artistic perfection. Campbell, also, has now and then an indistinct utterance, and a nasal tone that he would do well to mend in time. Some of the subordinate members of the troupe might also learn that twisting the body at the waist in singing, moving it at say M. M. 120, is no real assistance to expressive utterance, and simply looks ridiculous to the audience.

The audiences have been immense. The opera house is crowded every night. I have never seen the like here.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 6, 1869.

Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra.

The visit of this famous New York Orchestra has given our music lovers quite a new and quick sensation. Boston had not heard such orchestral performances before; and Boston, in the frankest humor, gave itself up to the complete

enjoyment and unstinted praise of what it heard. The promise of the three concerts of last Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings was kept to the letter. It was truly and exclusively THOMAS'S New York Orchestra,—fifty-four instruments, picked men, most of them young, all of them artists, all looking as if thoroughly engaged in their work, eager above all things to make the music altogether sound as well as possible. And it was evident, from first to last, that they had perfect understanding with their leader and each other; that they were in admirable discipline, had played together very often and for years; and that they had been selected, with a determined eye to superiority in every part, in a community where good musicians are so numerous that a crude or lifeless member can always be easily replaced by a better; no holding on to places after faculty is gone, no dead wood in the tree. There was nothing which our people, our musicians needed so much as to hear just such an orchestra. They came most opportunely: for our musicians, teaching by example; for our public (and there is no better public in the world for music of the highest character than that which fills the Music Hall at all good Symphony Concerts), to show us that, with all our pride in our own orchestra, we are yet very far this side of perfection, and must take a lesson from what is better done elsewhere. Well informed musical persons here have always known of the superiority of the New York orchestras (the Philharmonic and that of Mr. Thomas) to our own; but such has not been the imagination of the public; their own glowing sympathy and aspiration, meeting the intentions of the noble music half way, have always fondly found the execution better than it was; nay more, the reluctantly confessed sense of weariness and ennui after many a noble composition has been too willing to accuse itself, if modest, or if not, that venerable "old fogey," the composer, never suspecting that the coarse, blurred, lifeless execution may have been at fault. We have an audience that deserves the best; we have at last a quickening example of what, in point of execution at least, comes very near the best thus far; it will be our own fault if we do not improve the lesson, and take a new start in orchestral music, finding it impossible now to shut out of sight the new and higher standard which has so vividly impressed itself on every mind.

But we are anticipating; we must report, and briefly try to weigh and estimate. In candor, what we have to set down as the "net result" artistically of the Thomas concerts, is not all in praise; and we anticipate a little further, just enough to give it as our calm and clear conviction, that, while his Orchestra play vastly better than our own, still ours remain the better Concerts. Does this seem paradoxical? Let us see. Here are the three programmes, which we quote together, that we may discuss the several elements in groups of like with like:

(Friday Evening, Oct. 29.)

Overture. "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.
Adagio. "Prometheus".....Beethoven.
Invitation à la Danse.....Weber.
(Instrumentation by Hector Berlioz).
Symphonic Poem. Preludes.....Liszt.

Overture. "William Tell".....Rossini.
Träumerei.....Schumann.
Waltz. "On the beautiful blue Danube".....Strauss.
Solo for Trombone. "The Tear".....Stigelli.
Mr. F. Leetsch.
Polka Mazurka. "Lob der Frauen".....Strauss.
Polka Schnell. "Jocus".....Strauss.
Fackeltanz, in B, No. 1.....Meyerbeer.

(Saturday Evening.)

Suite No. 3, in D.....Bach.
Introduction to Act III of Medea.....Cherubini.
Concerto for Piano, G minor.....Mendelssohn.
Mr. C. Petersilie.
Overture. "Leonora" No. 3.....Beethoven.
Fackeltanz, No. 3, C minor.....Meyerbeer.
Nachtgesang.....Vogt.
Waltz. "Wiener Bouhons".....Strauss.
Grand March for Piano. "Puritani".....Liszt.
Mr. C. Petersilie.
Reverie.....Vieuxtemps.
Polka Mazurka. "Libelle".....Strauss.
Polka Francaise. "Kreuzfeld".....Strauss.

(Sunday Evening.)

Symphony, No. 7, A.....Beethoven.
Trio for Two Horns and Trombone.....Bergmann.
Messrs. Schmitz, Lotze and Leetsch.
Cosatschogue. Fantasia sur une danse Cosaque.
Dargomijsky.

Overture. "Rienzi".....Wagner.
Träumerei.....Schumann.
Ballet. "Faust" (New).....Gounod.
Composed expressly for the performances at the Imperial Grand Opera, Paris.
Fantasia. "Ave Maria".....Schubert.
March. "Mazepa".....Liszt.

Plainly, in all this, the object was to show what a modern orchestra can do, and how well this particular orchestra can do it, rather than to convey any poetic unity of impression; to startle and delight for the moment, rather than to lift into a pure, ideal atmosphere. Artistic unity, and the well-motivated contrasts which that implies, are out of the question in such programmes; instead of that we have the contrast of extremes, exciting wonder until wonder wearies of itself. First, we note, as the most prominent ingredient, those loud and ponderous effect pieces of the Liszt, Wagner, Meyerbeer school. Think of the *Tannhäuser* Overture, the Lisztian "Preludes," the "Tell" Overture (which, by itself considered, of course, is good), and a flaring, blazing, crashing *Fackeltanz* (midnight orgies by torchlight) of Meyerbeer, all in one concert! The *Tannhäuser* led off, as if to smite with the first blow, that easy victory might follow. Never did we hear it so well played (unless at the Opera in Vienna); never did we enjoy the work so little. It was Wagner exposed; robbed of his glamour, if he ever had any, by setting him in so strong a light, so mercilessly truthful. But whatever it did for Wagner, the orchestra itself showed, in its own strong light, to excellent advantage. The band was all alive in the first place, vital at every point; every instrument told; every part in the Quartet was substantial, unmistakable (nowhere did the superiority of this orchestra to our own assert itself so clearly as in the middle strings, where Boston has been always weak). The fine precision and pungent quality of the violins; the warmth and richness of those five 'cellos, massed in the front, and moving with one soul; the five double basses too; the excellence of all the brass; Ella's delicious oboe; indeed everything, to tympani and tambourine, won in turn its special share of admiration. Only in bassoons and clarinet have we as good to show. Choice materials admirably blended! In the matter of tempo, however, there was some room for criticism; the solemn, slow part of the overture was uncomfortably slow. There was some dragging also in *Les Preludes*, which, finely executed as it was, so beautifully on the part of the strings, and with all the coloring of which Liszt is a master made so palpable, still failed to give us the impression of great music.

The "Tell" overture was played superbly; we will only specify the rare perfection of the opening passage by the 'cellos, the singularly rich tone, and searching, true expression of the leading one (Bergner) particularly; and the fine oboe again, so rich in the lower tones here commonly given by the English Horn. The trumpets, first and second, told triumphantly in this; but more so in the two *Fackeltanzes*, where they have such florid *obligato* passages. These were interesting novelties to hear, full of ingenious effects and startling or pleasing fancies, yet properly belonging to the category of musical extravaganzas. Most extravagant, fantastical, gro-

tesque of all was the Cossack dance on Sunday evening; a herd of buffaloes could not have burst in more tumultuously than it did; no doubt there is plenty of the Cossack character in it. Wagner's *Rienzi* is unmitigated noise; riot set to music, one would think, and in strains coarse and commonplace.

But this served the purpose (as did one of the *fortissimo* pieces each time) of exhibiting by extreme contrast the opposite element which figured in these programmes. We mean the delicate transcription for all the strings of little piano-forte pieces like Schumann's "*Träumerei*" (Reverie) and the "*Nachtgesang*" by Vogt, which were of course so popular, that no programme could be accepted as complete without them both. The effect of such Quartet rendering (they do whole Quartets so in Paris) was indeed most beautiful; the rich full tone and perfect harmony of so many strings, the light and shade, the refining of expression and of *pianissimo* to a point where it seemed more dream than reality,—all this caused a new and exquisite sensation, which everybody wished to have repeated and prolonged. But after all, this is *effect* music, and lacks artistic justification, does not properly belong in an artistic programme. For this is not interpretation; it is simply a *Study of Pianissimo*, using for a text a simple little piano-forte piece from Schuman's "*Kinderscenen*" (Scenes from Childhood), a piece never intended to be played with such exaggeration of expression. Admirable studies these for any orchestra; but we would no more put them into a Symphony or Philharmonic programme than we would the *Etudes de Velocité*, in a young lady's lesson book.

The refining influence of such practice, however, appeared in all the classical interpretations of this admirable orchestra. As such we recall the beautiful Adagio, with harp, from Beethoven's "*Prometheus*" ballet; the *Suite* by Bach (which is down for one of our own Symphony Concerts), and the very grand and tragical introduction from *Medea*, really great music, which, much simpler as it is, affects the imagination almost as powerfully as the introduction to the prison scene in *Fidelio*. These were wonderfully well done, especially the *Suite*, which was applauded with a heartiness that proved there is something in Bach that appeals to general sympathy, let him once be properly presented. We thank Mr. Thomas for these choice additions to our stock of high orchestral music.

In the familiar classical selections—Seventh Symphony, *Leonora* and *Freyshütz* Overtures, Mendelssohn Concerto,—and we may add the Berlioz arrangement of Weber's "*Invitation*"—there was the same masterly precision in the strings, the same certainty, truth of intonation, well blended coloring, on the part of the wind band also. The rendering of the Symphony, however, was not on the whole so much superior to some of the best by our own orchestra; indeed the difference between the two was less apparent here than in most of the pieces. Yet the temper and true habit of these men tell of course in everything they do; and we must bear witness to the wonderful *staccato* of the violins in the mysterious whispered passage near the end of the slow movement; to the perfect precision of all the instruments in the Scherzo (in spite of its being taken too fast), and the superb *brío* of the finale.

Mr. PETERSILEA played the Concerto with his usual ease and brilliancy of technique on a very dry and dull piano, one of the Weber Grands. The Liszt *Puritani* March did not place him in a very flattering light. The only other solos were the one on the trombone, by Mr. LEETSCHE, who makes its brazen throat sing with the warmth and smoothness of the middle tones of a horn; and the Trio for two horns and trombone, which, considering the many chromatic intervals and modulations, showed the rarest skill and taste on the part of all three artists.

In a word, then, we rejoice in the coming of this

orchestra. It is just the kind of thing that we for years have longed for in view of our own progress here. We sincerely thank Mr. Thomas, first, for giving us a hearing, under the best advantages, of a number of works which were new to us; some of which can hardly claim a place in a classical programme, and therefore we are the more obliged to one who gratifies our curiosity about them in another way. But more we thank him for setting palpably before us a higher ideal of orchestral execution. We shall demand better of our own in future; they will demand it of themselves; they cannot witness this example without a newly kindled desire, followed by an effort to do likewise. With the impression fresh in every mind of performances which, it is not rash to say, may (for the number of instruments) compare with those of the best orchestras in Europe, improvement is necessary.

ERNST PERABO'S first Matinée drew the best sort of audience, in full force, to Chickering Hall, on Friday afternoon, Oct. 29. This was the programme:

Overture, "*Zur Weihe des Hauses*," op. 124, C major.
Arranged by E. Pauer. Beethoven.
Ballade, "*In die Ferne*," First time in Boston.
Carl Loewe.
Two Studies, Op. 70, Book I, Nos. 8 and 12. Moscheles.
Le Message d'Amour, from "*Chant du Cygne*," Vol. I.
Schubert.
Sonata, op. 100, B flat major. Beethoven.

We had not supposed it possible to convey so much of the grandeur and beauty of that Beethoven Overture (called in our Symphony Concerts the "*Dedication*" Overture), on the piano, as Mr. Perabo, with his firm, strong mastery, succeeded in doing; you could almost hear the several instruments, and the intricate fugued movement was singularly clear. He played it from memory, as he did also (the greatest problem in that kind we can imagine) that longest, strangest and most difficult of Beethoven's Sonatas, the op. 106. No one but Perabo has played it publicly in Boston; and it was indeed a triumph that he made it all enjoyable to the great mass of his audience, though we have yet to see the person who does not own himself puzzled by the last movement, with its intricacies and caprices. The two Studies by Moscheles date from that master's best and most genial period; they are full of airy grace and fancy, and were beautifully rendered.

Miss WHITTEN's selections were choice and new, and she sang them with the best expression; the sweetness of her voice, and her artistic use of it, improve upon acquaintance. The specimen of Löwe's Ballads, though very beautiful and full of feeling, was hardly one of his most characteristic; his peculiar vein, we should say, lies more in the romantic and mysterious.

Next Friday Mr. Perabo will play the "*Kreutzer Sonata*" with Mr. Listemann.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. We go to press on the day of the first Concert (Thursday) and therefore cannot speak of it at present. The second concert, since Thanksgiving has been appointed for the 18th, has to be given a day earlier, namely, on Wednesday, Nov. 17th. It will also begin half an hour earlier than usual, to accommodate musicians going out of town. The programme is: Part I. "*Ossian*" Overture, *Gade*; Violin Concerto, *Beethoven*, played by B. LISTEMANN.—Part II. Overture to "*Manfred*," *Schumann*; Violin Sonata: "*La Trille du Diable*," *Tartini*; Italian Symphony, *Mendelssohn*.

The complaints about the sale of tickets to these concerts are fairly answered by an unknown friend in the *Daily Advertiser*, as follows:

The difficulty of pleasing the public did not end with the catastrophe narrated by *Æsop*. People still demand that the miller should walk, or make his son walk, or that father and son should carry the ass between them; and they will always do so.

The Harvard Musical Association, numbering a little over a hundred members, having seen that all former attempts to give symphony concerts have

either resulted in pecuniary loss, or in lowering the character of the music to meet the demands of an uncultivated public, undertook, a few years ago, what was considered a doubtful experiment, trusting that a combined effort in private circles might be more successful than appeals to the general public had been.

A committee of the association hired a large orchestra, becoming personally responsible for salaries, rent of hall and advertising bills, to the amount of nearly \$10,000. With such a responsibility and warned by previous experience, they did not feel at liberty to trust wholly to the public; but through their members solicited subscriptions to a series of concerts, in order to have a material guaranty for inevitably large expenses. These concerts have cost the association much labor,—unpaid, but cheerfully given. The subscription lists have been made up by no small effort; and the selection of programmes and a tending to the necessary rehearsals and other business matters is not a trivial matter.

The public, i. e. those who would like to patronize music now that it has become fashionable, cannot get all the best seats in the hall and are wroth. What is to be done? Shall the association give up its efficient management and leave the cause of music in the hands of speculators? For if the members cannot be assured by subscriptions, they will not incur the necessary liabilities. And the association will not give its sanction to any musical enterprise without a controlling voice in selecting programmes.

The Harvard Association was not established for the purpose of giving concerts, and its officers would not be allowed to enter into any engagements of this kind in its name, unless there was a certainty that its treasury was secured against loss.

The total number of subscriptions for this season was less than 1000. Seats for these were located by the members or their friends before opening the lists to the public, as was natural and proper. If any one has any reasonable suggestions to make, and can tell us how a series of classical concerts can be maintained, free from the control of those who would make art serve mammon, and how a guaranty of \$10,000 can be obtained from private persons without the basis of a subscription list, it will be far better to do so than to keep up an aimless growling in the newspapers.

The Harvard Musical Association, for this series of concerts and for many other public-spirited movements, deserves a kindlier recognition than it has received. UPSILON.

Music Abroad.

KREUZNACH.—In a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Gymnasium, a performance of Sophocles's *Antigone*, in the original Greek, with Mendelssohn's music, was given by the pupils of the institution.

BOLOGNA.—According to the Italian paper, *La Fama*, Signor Scalabrini, the manager of the theatre here, will produce next winter an unknown opera, *Giovanna d'Arco*, by no less a composer than Rossini himself, who is said to have written it more than thirty years ago, to a libretto by M. Léon Pillet, formerly manager of the Grand Opéra, Paris. *Chi viera verra*.—Preparations are being made to produce Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. If the experiment prove successful, the Scala, Milan, will follow suit, either with the same opera, or with *Die Meistersinger*.

SALZBURG.—The programme of the last concert given by the Mozarteum comprised: Prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, R. Wagner; Ritale, from *Rosamunde*, Schubert; Pianoforte Concerto (E minor), Chopin; and *Die Walpurgisnacht*, Mendelssohn.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Russian operatic season commenced with Glinka's *Life for the Czar*. M. Gounod's *Faust* will shortly be produced in Russian.—The Italian Opera commences its season on the 1st November. The Sisters Marchisio are engaged in the place of Mme. Lucena.

BRESLAU.—The programme of the concert which Herr Ferdinand Hiller gave a short time since consisted exclusively of works of his own composition. They were: Third Sonata, Op. 78; Four Studies, for Piano and Violin: pieces from the *Opérette ohne Text*: solos for piano, and vocal solos, and duets for female voices. Herr F. Hiller was supported by Mlle. Scherbel and Herr Listner, who kindly gave their services on the occasion.—At the last concert given by the Singacademie, the works performed were *Actus tragicus*, J. S. Bach; and the *Requiem*, Mozart.

MUNICH.—Herr R. Wagner's *Rheingold* has at length been given. It achieved only a very moderate success, even on the first night, when the Wagnerites mustered all their forces to support it. In every probability it will not be repeated very often. A writer in the *Neue Freie Presse* speaks of it in the following terms:—"I have just come from the first performance of *Rheingold* by R. Wagner. The King was present from the beginning to the end. For his courage in having the opera produced, in spite of Wagner's opposition, he was received with tumultuous applause upon entering his box, but this fact rendered it impossible for the audience to express their feelings during the performance, because by a stupid piece of etiquette still in force among us, if a Royal, or any other such like personage has been publicly received, no marks of approbation are allowed to be bestowed upon art. It was not till the end of the opera, when his Majesty left with most striking rapidity, that the audience were at liberty to give vent to their feelings. The machinery had worked properly and blamelessly; there had not been a hitch, either in any of the changes of scene, or in the much talked of rainbow, on which the Gods mount to the Walhalla; the singers and the band had done their duty; and Herr Willner, to whom the direction of the opera had been confided, had honorably fulfilled his task of rendering it fit for performance in a fortnight, though nearly all the male characters had been cast afresh; so there was good reason for a party among the public beginning to applaud at the fall of the curtain; but another party opposed this. The first party, however, gained the day, and so, in obedience to a call, the singers appeared before the curtain. When they had done this the enthusiasm was over, and the public flocked out of the overcrowded theatre. Such was the result of the first performance of *Rheingold*."

The orchestra, specially reinforced, for Herr Wagner's *Rheingold*, consisted of 18 anvils (!) tuned to the proper pitch; 16 first violins; 16 second violins; 12 tenors; 12 violoncellos; 8 double basses; 2 harps; 3 flutes; 1 piccolo; 3 oboes; 1 English horn; 3 clarionets; 1 bass clarinet; 3 bassoons; 8 horns; 3 trumpets; 1 bass trumpet; 3 trombones; 1 contra-bass trombone; 1 contra-bass tuba; a pair of kettle drums; triangle; cymbals, and gong. Thus there were 120 instruments actively employed. In addition to this, the members of the company exerted themselves to the very utmost; the scene-painters and carpenters effected wonders, while three thousand gas-burners were alight on and above the stage, and behind the scenes. And with what result! *Parturit omnes, nascitur ridiculum Rheingold!* Despite all that has been done for it in the way of trouble and expense, the last production of Herr Wagner's Muse fails to attract very greatly. Even at the third performance of this precious production, the attendance of the public had greatly diminished.—It is said that either Herr Willner, or Herr Max Zenger will be appointed Chancel-Master to the Court, in the place of Herr von Bülow, and, subsequently, of Herr Hans Richter.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE MUSIC.—The managers of the Saturday concerts have put forth a modest prospectus for the season just begun—modest, that is, by comparison with the announcement last year of a novelty for each programme. This time only a small number of new works are promised, on condition that no serious obstacle 'occur.' Looking at the list, we turn instinctively to Schubert's name, hoping that the historical cupboard of Dr. Schneider may again have yielded up treasure. The result is disappointment. Though we have the authority of Mr. George Grove for believing the cupboard anything but bare, nothing has come out of it this time; while of such of the master's nine symphonies as are known, only No. 5, the 'Tragic,' and the unfinished No. 8, are set down for performance. With Mendelssohn the case is hardly more favorable. Those who for years kept the dead composer's manuscripts under lock and key, as though posthumous music were sure to do the world a mischief, seem frightened at their recent liberty, and nothing more is forthcoming. True, a motet ('Tu es Petrus') and certain selections from the *Wedding of Comacho* are in the list of Crystal Palace novelties, but those belong to a former dole, and are of insignificant account. Schubert and Mendelssohn thus barren, the prospectus becomes uninteresting till we see that a really earnest attempt has been made to supply the deficiency from other quarters. The managers promise first hearings of a symphony by Haydn, No. 5 in D; of another by Mozart, No. 8 in D; of another by Spohr, No. 6, the 'Historical,' and of another by Ferdinand Hiller, the 'Approach of Spring.' Moreover, they

have looked about among English composers, and, finding that Dr. Sterndale Bennett is a symphonist, they promise his 'G minor,' in addition to Mr. G. A. Macfarren's cantata, *May Day*, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new oratorio, *The Prodigal Son*. Even if this did not supply the lacking interest, we should find it in the statement that due attention will be paid to the compositions of writers who either claim to be or are acknowledged "representatives of their great predecessors." As the acknowledged representatives of Mozart and Beethoven are, unhappily, very few, the managers' assurance is not so far important. But the works of those who claim to be such representatives will present a wide if not enticing field of choice, and the probability is that countless composers have already dispatched their manuscripts to the Crystal Palace. With the catalogue of standard works which the prospectus contains no fault can be found. Six of Beethoven's symphonies, the last two of Mendelssohn, the 'Rhenish' and 'D minor' of Schumann, together with a host of favorite overtures, *Acis and Galatea*, the *Mount of Olives*, the *Hymn of Praise*, the *First Walpurgis Night*, and *Paradise and the Peri*, are adapted to satisfy everybody, by pleasing every variety of classical taste. As regards the executive department nothing more is said than that the band is to be maintained in its old efficiency, and the chorus augmented and improved. We care little about the augmentation, but there is still great need of improvement.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Oct. 4.

The first programme (Oct. 2) was as follows:

Overture ["Der Freischütz"].....Weber.
Arietta, "In questa tomba occorra".....Beethoven.
Air, "Love sounds the alarm" ["Acis and Galatea"].....Handel.
Symphony, No. 2 in D [Op. 36].....Beethoven.
Cavatina, "Ma la Sola" ["Beatrice di Tenda"].....Bellini.
Song, "The Thorn".....Shield.
Entr'acte in B flat—Ballet airs in G ["Rosamunde"].....F. Schubert.

Cradle Song ("Sleep, dearest, sleep").....Randelger.
Song, "Rose of Erin".....Benedict.
Overture ["A Midsummer Night's Dream"].....Mendelssohn.

We quote from what the *Times* says of the second concert:

At the concert of Saturday (the second of the series) another work by Schubert was brought forward—one of the many rescued from neglect by Mr. G. Grove, during his visit to Vienna, in Nov., 1867. Shortly before, the Crystal Palace concerts had introduced to an English public Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, the first of his two "Italian" overtures, a "Salve Regina," and some of the incidental music to the drama of *Rosamunde* and *Miriam's Siegesgesang*. We have now a fresh obligation to record in the addition made at Saturday's concert, the programme of which was as follows:

Overture ["Die Freunde von Salamanka"].....Schubert.
Symphony "Reformation".....Mendelssohn.
Arioso, "Porgi amor" ["Nozze di Figaro"].....Mozart.
Song, "O ruddler than the cherry" ["Acis and Galatea"].....Handel.
Concerto—Pianoforte—in E flat [O. Hallé].....Beethoven.
Cradle Song, "Birds in the night".....A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "A Sister's Smile" ["Faust"].....Gounod.
Solo—Pianoforte—"Clavierstück," in E flat minor.....Schubert.
Valse, "Godiam".....Bergmann.
Overture ["Giralda"].....Adam.

Schubert's overture belongs to an operetta (in two acts) composed in 1815 to a libretto by Mayrhofer—the music alone being extant, having fortunately escaped the destruction which has befallen the manuscripts of other of the composer's dramatic productions. If the vocal portion of *Die Freunde von Salamanka* is equal to the instrumental prelude to the work, it is to be hoped that it may come to a speedy hearing—as, although not so characteristic of Schubert's individuality as his more mature productions, there is a melodious freshness and a genial charm of style in the overture which render it especially welcome amid the violent efforts at originality made by some contemporary composers devoid of imagination. When Schubert produced this work he was but eighteen, and his tendency was towards the clearness of form and the regularity of melodic phrase which are prominent features of Mozart's style. The young composer had not then felt the influence of the giant Beethoven, soon to be the object of Schubert's reverential admiration, and the prompting of his genius, which, in a gentler and milder aspect, had many points of analogy with that of Beethoven. The overture performed on Saturday is throughout bright as sunshine, having no trace of that melancholy which, in later music, tinges at times even his lighter productions.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT'S oratorio, *Ruth*, revised by the composer, is to be given at Exeter Hall, early in November—Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt, Mme. Patey, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley sustaining the principal parts.

Special Notices.

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A touching reminiscence of childhood.
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Era un Angelo d'amore. 4. E to f. Campana. 35
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A showy song in operatic style.

Laughing Song. "If you love a gentle maiden."

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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